THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

Vol. II.] THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1808. [No. 2.

Me Colchus et qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis Dacus, et ultimi
Noscent Geloni me peritus,
Discet Iber, Rodanique potor. HOR.

IMITATED.

I shall be known where Indians bend the bow,
Who death despise and fearless meet his blow;
The learned Georgian will my works commend,
And Mississippi's drinker hail me friend.

IN all ages, the philosopher, the poet, the mathematician, who endeavoured, each in his turn, to enlighten mankind, always delighted himself with the fond hope that his works would descend to posterity, and in some degree be useful when he was inclosed in the silent tomb: Surely this ambition is laudable, it tends to stimulate to exertion; and although the hope may not be realized, tho' the author and his works may both sink into oblivion, yet, if he, according to the talent given, has thrown his mite into the common treasury, if his feeble voice has been heard in favour of virtue, he has done his duty, and will by no means lose his reward.

Thomas Lunatic this morning came into my study with the first volume of the '*Eye*' neatly bound, in his hand; I have formerly given you a slight sketch of *Thomas*, who still claims a relationship with our family;—Well cousin, quoth he, upon my word your '*Eye*' makes a very neat volume, and although you have treated me a little too roughly about my inventions, spinning silk stockings out of spiders' webs, balloons, &c. &c. yet I am, prejudice apart, of the opinion it may do good, and be permitted to stand on the shelf hereafter along with the Spectator, Tattler, Guardian, Idler, and all the other respecta-

ble works by which our family have so enriched the world, and therefore cousin, with your permission, I will from time to time, as opportunity may serve, give you to enrich your '*Eye*' some of my projects for the good of this city and also of the United States, that, to say the least of them, I do not suppose you will lay aside on the shelf with the perpetual motion and my spider-web stockings.

When he began to talk about his projects, I was much alarmed, knowing that to be his hobby-horse, and that it would be a very difficult thing to get him fairly dismounted were he once well fixed in the saddle.

Therefore, taking up the subject, I thanked him for his good opinion, and said, if he saw fit to favour me with any communications, I would attend to them with pleasure, and give them such a place as would accord with their importance: With this he seemed perfectly satisfied, and in a few hours sent me the following letter—

COUSIN OPTIC,

I READ over your last number with great attention, but not willing to be guided by any thing but my own observation on all subjects when it is in my power to examine, I took your advice, went out to the alms-house, and found all things literally true which you had asserted; but still I am of opinion that for the comfort of the poor, the honour of Philadelphia, and the good of the citizens generally, great improvements with little expence might be made—and to this subject I have turned my attention.

In the first place, those persons who are engaged at that house, and have been so employed for a number of years, can testify that the number of the poor are daily increasing; nor can it in the nature of things be otherwise, for as our city grows in population, so will the poor increase. Necessity, that grand mother of invention, informs us, that new buildings are constantly required for the accommodation of our citizens, and reasoning from the same principles, we must admit, that the buildings necessary for the accommodation of the poor when they, on an average, did not annually exceed 500, cannot comfortably accommodate 1000; the work-shops also, since manufacturing has been introduced, has in some degree abridged their conveniences; the scite of the work-shops also is hurtful to the salutariness of the institution, for by them, a free circulation of the south air is, in a great measure, precluded; if therefore it should be thought proper to retain the

present situation, at least these shops should be pulled down, and the building extended on the east and west wings, that the people might thereby enjoy a free circulation of wholesome air. But this is not my grand project.

I propose that legal measures should be taken, to authorise the guardians of the poor to dispose of that whole lot and buildings, and purchase a large tract of land, say 400 acres, in the neighbourhood of the city, so situated, that they might have a head of water capable of turning all their machinery. Thus they would have the power of raising almost every thing of which they would stand in need. They would have pasture for their cows, bleaching greens for their linen, a variety of healthful employment for the weak and aged, nay, every creature belonging to the institution capable of pulling out a weed, would find employment, and be in a high degree useful.

Again, if such a scheme were adopted, it would in my opinion, be quickly found that our poor taxes would, if not entirely annihilated, be very considerable lessened ; indeed, I have scarcely a doubt but if properly conducted, the institution might support itself.

It is the duty of every man whose heart is filled with love to his fellow man, not only to consider what may be conducive to his living well here, but in a special manner what may contribute to his living well hereafter, I say therefore, that were a plan of this kind embraced, it would have a great tendency to meliorate the morals of those who perhaps by too freely indulging their inordinate appetites, have been brought under the care of the institution.

At a greater distance from the city, they would not have so many temptations, they would not be surrounded on every quarter by little dram-shops, they could not pawn their clothes for liquor, for there would be no *pawn-brokers* near them, they would be removed from any external power of contamination ; and I have no doubt but so situated, the wise regulations of the managers, who do not suffer vice quietly to erect her standard among them, would render the whole institution a school of morality.

In erecting buildings for such an institution, the plan should be plain, not costly, very extensive, and having a free circulation of air, and if a scite for such an establishment could be obtained on the west side of the river Schuylkill, an important purpose would be answered, the walls inclosing the whole would be only on three sides, the river would make

the fourth; fish might be had in abundance to serve the whole; the works could all be put in operation by water, the prospect would be delightful and consequently tending to produce salutary effects. I shall only add at present, I do not hope to see my project realized, but I venture to prophesy that twenty-five years will not elapse before such a plan shall be embraced, and carried into full execution. I fear the glory of the undertaking will be the lot of our children; you may say I am partial, but indeed cousin, I could wish it were done by ourselves.

Although I have been so diffusive on this subject, yet I now recollect that the outlines of the suggested plan are not mine—I have read in one of our newspapers, I do not now recollect which, hints embracing the same object. I hope the author of these hints will also lend his aid, the subject is one in which all citizens are equally interested.

I am yours, &c.

T. LUNATIC.

To the above communication I have nothing to add at present, it is in strict consonance with my own opinions; perhaps at some future period, the subject may be resumed, and other arguments advanced to prove that it is founded on rational principles. OBADIAH OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE EYE-LASH.—No. I.

——— *Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te*
Fabula narratur. HOR.

And why this simple tale so careless view?
The name being changed, the story's told of you.

'MY dear, I am going to spend the evening at cards with Mrs. ****.' 'My love, I should like your company at home this evening.' 'Indeed, my darling, I would stay, but Mr. ***** is to be there, and you know what a charming companion he is, I like him above all things, he loses his money with such indifference, and wins with such a grace.' 'At what hour will the company disperse?' 'Perhaps at one o'clock.' 'And who will accompany you home?' 'O dear! there will be no difficulty about that—two or three gentlemen will be there whose attention to me is always incessant.'——'Mrs. H. I think it improper for you to receive attention

from any gentleman.' 'Mr. H. I never interfere in your concerns:' 'But my duck, at so late an hour, when probably I shall have gone to rest, I do not approve of your being out.' 'Oh la! why there are Mrs. *** and Mrs. ****, whose husbands never murmur, though their wives should come home just as they were rising.' 'They are no patterns for me, and therefore I repeat my wish that you would spend the evening with me.' 'Indeed, my sweet one, you must excuse me this night, and to-morrow we will discuss the subject of obedience:' 'Well, if there is no restraining you from those improper amusements, go then, and let fops and fools be a substitute for the man who once supposed he commanded your affections.'

Mrs. H. then flew to her toilet, where her chambermaid waited to prepare her: Betty consulted the whims of her mistress, and was rewarded by the soiled gowns of the wardrobe. I am quite tired of solitude said Mrs. H. as she sat down, confined to the house all day, and Mr. H. objects to my taking an excursion this evening; I dislike to offend him, but really there is no supporting the marriage yoke, if one is obliged to wear it at home. Why, madam, said Betty, when young ladies are married, it is to seek independence from the tyranny of parents, and a wife is at least equal to her husband, and from the moment she enters into his house, it is to command him as well as it.

Betty was one of those shrewd old maids that had seen the *wrong side* of forty. She had lived with many families, and the death of a former mistress, in whose concerns she had considerable influence, compelled her to seek for another place; by means of a good recommendation, she was introduced to the family of Mr. H. and finding it would be her interest to continue there, she played her part so well as to flatter the foibles of her mistress, when her master was not present, and to condemn them to her master in the absence of her mistress; thus she acquired the esteem of both, and was artful enough to conceal her duplicity.

Mrs. H. made no reply to this last observation of Betty, but its ingenuity did not escape her notice. She was one of those young ladies who had been brought up in fashionable life, and whose attachment to such amusements proceeded from habit, not from any vicious inclination; Mr. H. paid his devoirs with a number of others, but a consciousness of superiour merit, soon determined her choice; she loved him, and their

affection was reciprocal: She would sacrifice any thing rather than offend him, yet, when inclined to act contrary to his approbation, her pride prevented a relinquishment of her purpose; he saw and pitied her weakness, but was distressed at her imprudence. He well knew the characters of those married ladies with whom his wife associated, and feared, not without reason, the effect their society would produce. To prevent an intercourse therefore, was his principal aim, but to act harshly was inconsistent with his generous nature; he was convinced of the amiableness of his wife, and assured of her affection for him; he was sometimes induced to trust to the result of time and experience, but again, the remedy was slow, and at the best uncertain. In this difficulty he applied to his friend ALCANDER, whose age, clothed with experience, enabled him to advise as a counsellor, and admonish as a friend. ALCANDER was a man whose years had been passed in observation; he had often declared to Mr. H. that it was in the power of every person to live happily in the married state, but that many inconsiderately raised the dying embers of a dispute into an unextinguishable flame, which consumed their happiness: ALCANDER had studied the character of women, he was fully acquainted with their frailties, and as skilful in devising a remedy. G.

SELECTED.

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN:

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

AS Togrul, valiant general of the emperor Temugin, pursued his march in the cool of the evening at the head of his army through the country of Farsistan, his attention was struck by a pile of ruins, the magnificence of which tempted him to take a nearer view of them, while his troops halted for refreshment.

The reflections, naturally suggested by such scenes, were interrupted by the sight of an aged man, sitting in a melancholy posture, with his eyes intently fixed upon some fragments which lay in a heap before him, while a flood of tears rolled in silence down his furrowed cheeks.

Such a sight was equally affecting to curiosity and compassion. Advancing therefore towards him, 'Pardon,' said Togrul, 'O venerable father! the intrusion of a stranger, who

wishes to know the cause of your distress, in hope it may be in his power to offer you relief.'

The mourner raised his eyes, and looking eagerly around, 'Is the voice of benevolence heard again in this place?' he exclaimed. 'Sweet is the sound, though its purpose is impossible.'

Then fixing his eyes most attentively upon Togrul for some moments, 'Your words, O illustrious young man,' he continued, 'speak a feeling heart; and I see that you have already tasted of adversity. I will therefore satisfy your enquiry, though hopeless of its motive; for, alas! my woes admit not of relief.'

Having said this, he turned his face to the East, and prostrated himself before the heap of fragments, 'O life of the Universe!' he said, 'thou glorious Sun! protect these sacred relics from pollution; nor give the ashes of Zelis to the winds, before mine shall be mingled with them.'

When he had offered up this prayer, he arose, and turning to Togrul, 'I have promised to unfold to you the cause of my unhappiness,' he continued; 'but this place is improper. The voice of prayer and adoration only should be heard here. We will withdraw into the shade of yonder arch, and there I will relate the melancholy tale.'

As soon as Togrul and he were seated, 'These ruins,' said the mourner, with a sigh which seemed to burst his heart, 'are all which remains of the sacred Temple of the Sun; and in that spot, now covered with those fragments, once stood the altar, on which my ancestors, for ages without number, fed the everliving fire, the hallowed emblem of his purity and power; till the Divine wrath kindled against the sins of mankind, gave up the world to the ravages of the Arabians, who, not content with temporal dominion, dared to attack the Sovereignty of Heaven.

They polluted our Temples; they overturned our altars; and impiously attempted to extinguish the sacred fire, emblem of him whose light had illuminated the world from its first creation. An impiety never presumed before by any who had obtained dominion over us.

But Heaven had not so far abandoned the human race. Forwarned in a dream, one of our lineage had built an altar in the mountains of Irac Agem; and secretly removed thither a spark of the true fire, before the sacrilegious ravagers reached this Temple.

The horrors of that day are not to be described. In vain did the priests hold up their hands, never defiled with blood, never profaned with any instrument of destruction, to avert the rage of war from these holy walls. The tears of the mother, and the cries of her infants, pleaded in vain. The barbarians were equally deaf to innocence and virtue.

Then did the piety of our race shine forth in all its glory. They gathered themselves around the altar, and, covering it with their bodies, saved the sacred fire from profanation by extinguishing it with their blood, which was shed without respect to age or sex, and the Temple reduced to this heap of ruins.

It is impossible to express the consternation of the people at this fatal outrage. Thinking the sacred fire utterly extinguished, they abandoned themselves to despair, and every where courted the swords of their destroyers.

At length, the spark which had been preserved in Irac Agem, being discovered, the poor remains of the true Persees repaired to it; and, preferring those inhospitable mountains to the fertile plains of Farsistan without this object of their worship, built themselves a little city, where their posterity has lived in peace to this day.

Of all our lineage, there had escaped the general massacre only the one who attended the altar he had built in Irac Agem; and an infant daughter, born to him at the loss of her mother's life, soon after her arrival there.

The danger of losing a race so long endeared to their love, so necessary to their religion, filled the Persees with the strongest fear; but Heaven heard their prayers, and from these two sprung a progeny which has subsisted ever since.

Though driven thus by irresistible necessity from our native land, once in our lives we never fail to visit these revered ruins, to implore from the Sun a restoration of their glory; and sprinkle upon the remains of his altar the ashes of our deceased kindred, which we religiously preserve for that purpose; and this was the melancholy cause of my coming hither at this time.'

A flood of tears here choked his utterance. He hung down his head, and sobbed aloud for some moments, while Togrul humanely wept in silence with him.

As soon as he had recovered the power of speech, 'Were I not convinced of the benevolence of your heart,' he resumed, 'O virtuous youth! I should make an excuse for paying

a tribute to nature, which affected heroism has dishonoured with the name of weakness; but I see you are superiour to such false refinement.

This melancholy duty having fallen upon me this year, I yielded in an unhappy hour to the solicitation of my wife, to let her accompany me hither.

On the third day of our journey, we were met by a troop of Tartars, who had separated from the armies of Temugin, and ranged the country in search of plunder.

The innocence of our lives, and our known poverty in those things which are called the riches of the world, had ever preserved us in peace with all the nations round. I advanced therefore without fear to the leader of the troop, and, informing him who we were, expected to have been permitted to pursue our journey without interruption.

But alas! I flattered myself with vain expectation. He had looked at the beauty of my wife with eyes of desire, and resolved to tear her from my bosom.

Unwilling however to have recourse to open violence, for fear of opposition from his followers, who he knew, held our people in the highest reverence, he pressed us to take shelter in his tent from the heat of noon; a courtesy feigned, that he might have time to form some scheme for accomplishing his base design.

There are some offers, which however unacceptable, cannot be refused.

The Persees have ever been famed for hospitality, above all the nations upon earth. We could not refuse entering his tent without an appearance of unsocial ingratiude, though our laws would not permit us to taste a drop of water with him.

We had not been there long, when he withdrew, under a pretence of giving some orders to his men; nor returned till it was too late for us to reach the caravansera in which we had purposed to rest that night; for it would have been reckoned an infringement upon the laws of hospitality in us to have departed without waiting for him.

Our uneasiness, in such a situation, may be well conceived; but he gave reasons of such plausibility for his absence, and offered so courteously to remain where he was for that night, for our convenience, that we could not avoid complying to stay with him.

His joy at seeing us run so readily, as he thought, into his snares, put him off his guard.

I caught a glance of his eye as he gazed at my wife, in which I read the nefarious purpose of his heart. I arose, therefore, instantly, and claiming the sacred privilege of hospitality, proceeded that moment on my journey, along with my wife. *(to be concluded)*

SELECTED.

THE VINE,

FROM HERDER'S SCATTERED LEAVES AND LETTERS.

ON the day of the creation, the trees boasted one to another, of their excellence: "Me the LORD planted," said the lofty Cedar, "strength, fragrance and longevity, he bestowed on me." "The goodness of JEHOVAH fashioned me to a blessing," said the shadowy Palm, "utility and beauty are united in my form." The Apple-tree said—"Like a bridegroom among the youths I glow in my beauty, among the trees of the grove." The Myrtle said—"Like the Rose among the Briars, so am I among other Shrubs. Thus all boasted; the Olive and the Fig-tree, and even the Fir.

The Vine alone drooped silent to the ground; for "To me," thought he, "every thing seems to have been refused, I have neither stem nor branches, nor flowers, but such as I am, I will hope and wait." He bent down his shoots and wept. Not long had he to wait; for behold, the divinity of the earth, Man, drew nigh. He saw the feeble helpless plant, trailing its honours along the soil: In pity, he lifted up the recumbent shoots and twined the feeble plant about his own bowers; and now the winds played with its leaves and tendrils, and the warmth of the sun began to empurple its hard green grapes, and to prepare within them a sweet and delicious juice, the repast and drink of gods and of men. Decked with its rich clusters, the Vine now leaned towards his master, who tasted his refreshing beverage, and named the Vine his friend, his grateful friend. Then the proud trees envied the Vine, for behold they stood barren and neglected; but he rejoiced in his humble growth and persevering patience; and still his juice enlivens the heart of the sad, lifts the sinking courage, and inspires to perseverance and exertion.

Despair not, ye forsaken; bear, wait and strive. From the insignificant Reed flows the sweetest of juices; from the bending Vine, springs the most delightful drink of the earth.

Poetical Department.

ORIGINAL.

ADDRESS TO EMMA'S FAN.

FAV'RITE companion of the fair!
On thee a wond'rous pow'r's imprest,
Gently to waft a magic air
That cools and warms the youthful breast.

When fev'rish heat oppresses all,
And EMMA, fainting, scarce can live,
Thou dost the cheering breezes call,
Her sinking spirits to revive.

When thou art wav'd by EMMA's hand,
Ten thousand beauties round her sport,
With graces join'd, a pleasing band,
That still her smiles benignant court.

But ah! those pleasing airs, that bring
Sensations grateful to her frame,
Her captive EDWIN's bosom sting
With hopeless, never-dying flame!

Then fav'rite of the lovely fair,
How happy is thy destin'd fate!
To be her pleasure and her care,
And ever on her will to wait.

Ever in her dear company,
Oft dost thou taste her balmy kiss;
Oft see sweet raptures from her eye
Disclose her conscious, precious bliss.

Oft on her fragrant, angel-breast,
Reclin'd amid a world of charms,
Extatic is thy state, fond prest
In folds by love-inspiring arms!

Thrice happy thou! Were I so blest,
And did in that Elysium lie,
Nothing could mar my heav'nly rest;
Long should I live; and sweetly die!

EDWIN.

ORIGINAL.

THE PREFERENCE.

I SCORN at the follies of Fashion to frown,
Let those the frail goddess caress,
The belles and the beaux who reside in the town,
For they her dominion confess.

But me her enchantments shall never decoy,
Rusticity's charms I admire;
In artless simplicity, calm, I'll enjoy
The pleasures to which I aspire.

My mind on the pinions of thought, more sublime
Can fly thro' the air o'er the earth,
Or visit, with Fancy, each far distant clime—
At home still enliven'd by mirth.

Joys simple, yet pure, here the senses can taste,
Where cares, which corrode, are unknown,
For hither mild Peace from the city in haste,
T' obtain a sure refuge has flown.

At Fashion's enticements I ever will smile,
Secure in my rural retreat;
Her artful illusions can never beguile
The heart fix'd on pleasures so sweet. ALICIAN.

ORIGINAL.

TO THE STRANGER.

O, WHO of good heart on the stranger e'er frown'd?
To the mighty how dear was the stranger of yore—
The chief, in his greatness, by victory crown'd,
Was the host of the stranger—soon stranger no more.

At the feast of the brave did his presence glad all,
To the stranger the goblet high foaming was fill'd;
For he still was the pride of the warrior's hall,
And the welcome of bards on his bosom-chords thrill'd.

Then hail to '*The Stranger*' whose harp's notes conform
To the '*wood-robin's*' warble of wild minstrelsy!—*
His coming be frequent, his welcome be warm,
For sweet is the voice of '*The Stranger*' to me. GLORMON.

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* Vide Vol. I. p. 313.